Tally-Ho
COMICS
FDC
10¢
GRRRRRRR!!
SNOWMAN..
The "SOMETHING NEW" in COMICS!
FOLLOW HIM AS HE TANGLES WITH THE MONSTER-MAKING
FANG!
ROAR!
John Giunta

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplier are limited.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1176, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1176, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver RING and Matching EARRINGS

PENDANT HEART DESIGN

What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

$1.95 EACH

10 DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY

Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. **SEND NO MONEY** with order. **Wear 10 days** on money-back guarantee.

EXTRA WIDE

SEND TODAY GIVEN if you order **BOTH** the Ring **AND** Earrings and send your order **PROMPTLY.** Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept.121-EP, Jefferson, Iowa

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring

☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Ring Size .....

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-327, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-327** Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

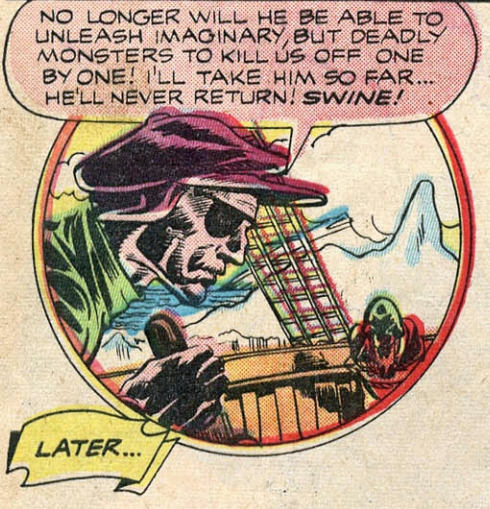
CITY ..... STATE .....

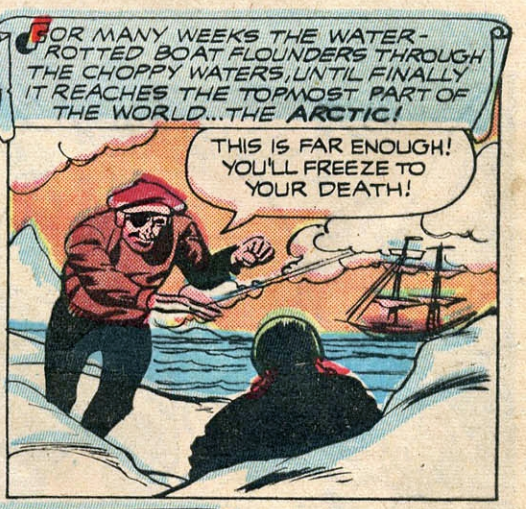
Gift I would like to have you send me. .....

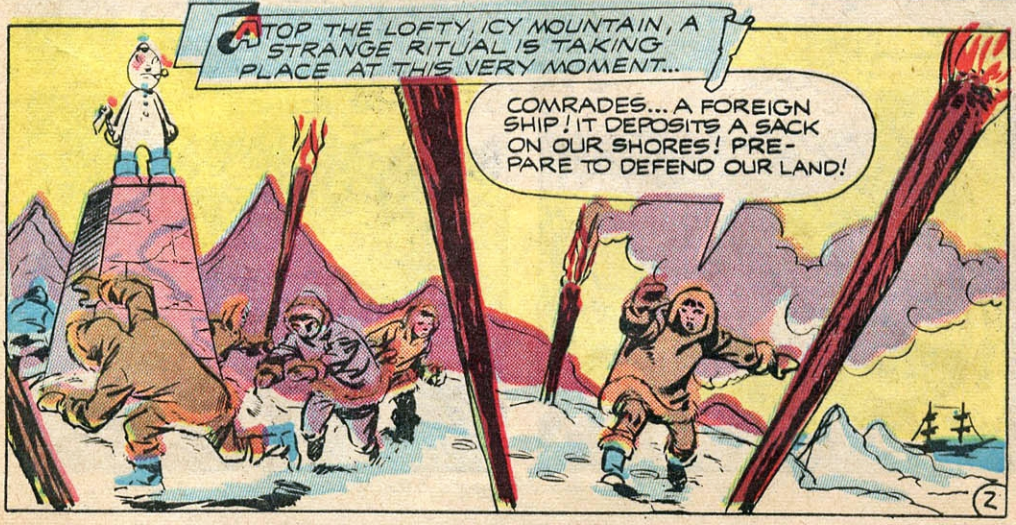
HE MUST BE DESTROYED! HE IS TOO EVIL... EVEN FOR US! WE'LL HAVE A VOTE, YOU FILTHY CUTTHROATS!

ALL IN FAVOR SAY "AYE"
AYE!

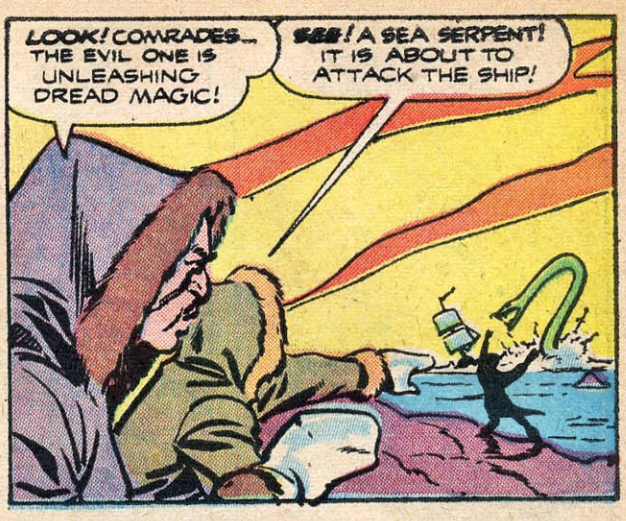
I WILL SEE THAT EVEN OUR MISERABLE WORLD IS FREED OF THIS MONSTER-MAKER! CARRY HIM TO THE SHIP!

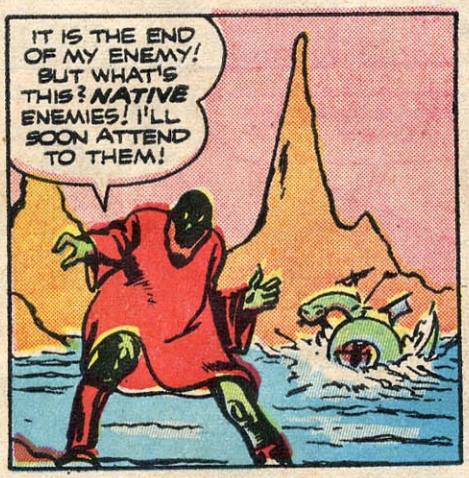

NO LONGER WILL HE BE ABLE TO UNLEASH IMAGINARY, BUT DEADLY MONSTERS TO KILL US OFF ONE BY ONE! I'LL TAKE HIM SO FAR... HE'LL NEVER RETURN! SWINE!
LATER...


FOR MANY WEEKS THE WATER-ROTTED BOAT FLOUNDERS THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATERS, UNTIL FINALLY IT REACHES THE TOPMOST PART OF THE WORLD...THE ARCTIC!
THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! YOU'LL FREEZE TO YOUR DEATH!


ATOP THE LOFTY, ICY MOUNTAIN, A STRANGE RITUAL IS TAKING PLACE AT THIS VERY MOMENT...
COMRADES... A FOREIGN SHIP! IT DEPOSITS A SACK ON OUR SHORES! PREPARE TO DEFEND OUR LAND!

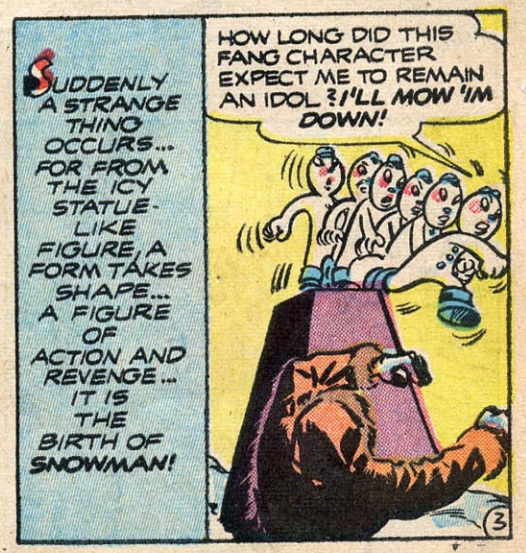
THE IDIOT! LEAVING ME NEAR JAGGED ICE... WHICH CAN EASILY CUT MY BONDS...THE FOOL!

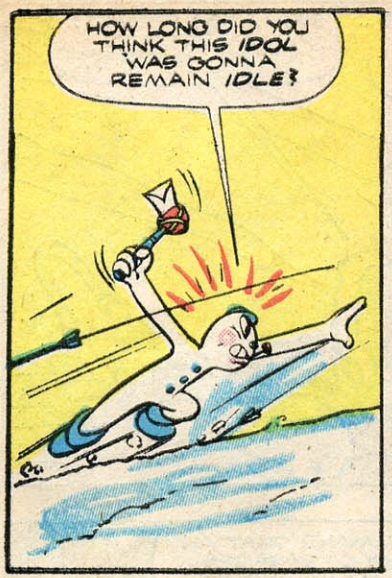

LOOK! COMRADES... THE EVIL ONE IS UNLEASHING DREAD MAGIC!
SEE! A SEA SERPENT! IT IS ABOUT TO ATTACK THE SHIP!

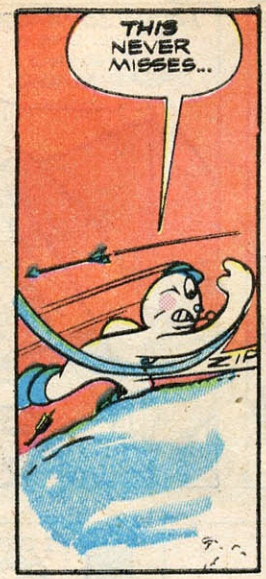

IT IS THE END OF MY ENEMY! BUT WHAT'S THIS? NATIVE ENEMIES! I'LL SOON ATTEND TO THEM!

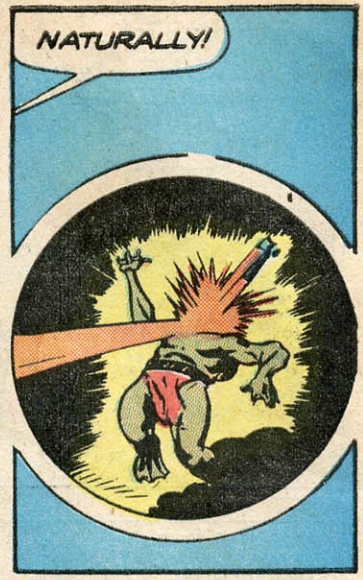
I COMMAND THAT AN ARMY OF SAVAGES FOLLOW ME AND MY WISHES! GOOD!! FOLLOW ME!

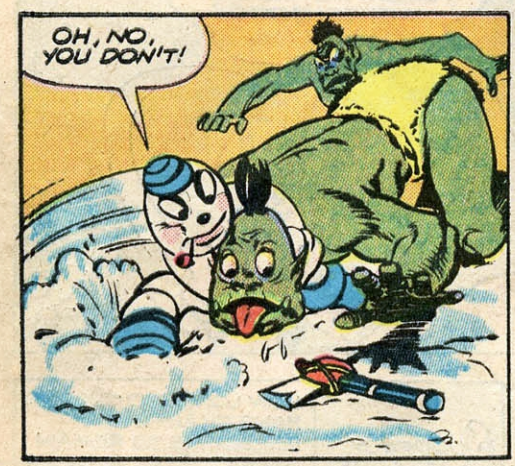
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...CHAOS!
OH, MIGHTY ONE... SAVE US IN OUR TIME OF NEED! WREAK HAVOC ON OUR INVADERS! WE IMPLORE YOU...

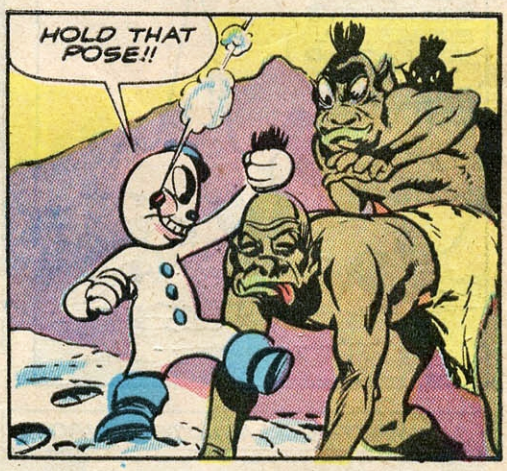

SUDDENLY A STRANGE THING OCCURS... FOR FROM THE ICY STATUE-LIKE FIGURE, A FORM TAKES SHAPE... A FIGURE OF ACTION AND REVENGE... IT IS THE BIRTH OF SNOWMAN!
HOW LONG DID THIS FANG CHARACTER EXPECT ME TO REMAIN AN IDOL? I'LL MOW 'IM DOWN!

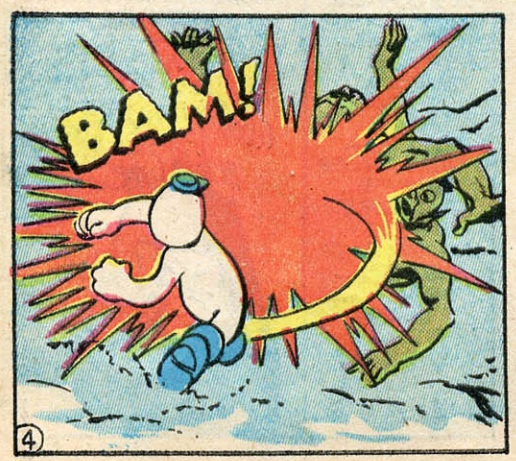

HOW LONG DID YOU THINK THIS IDOL WAS GONNA REMAIN IDLE?

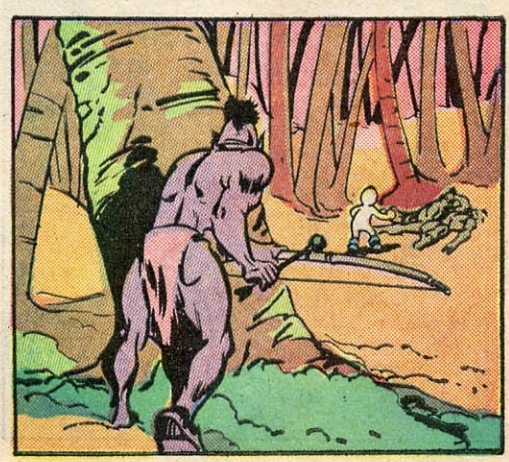

THIS NEVER MISSES...
ZIP

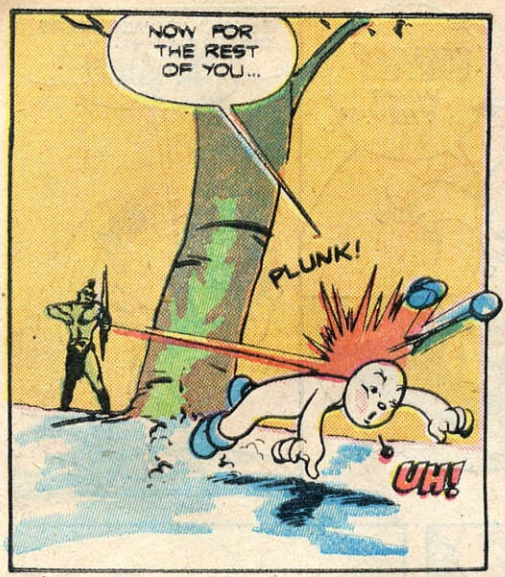

NATURALLY!

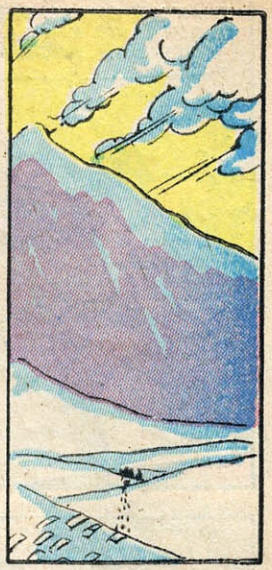

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

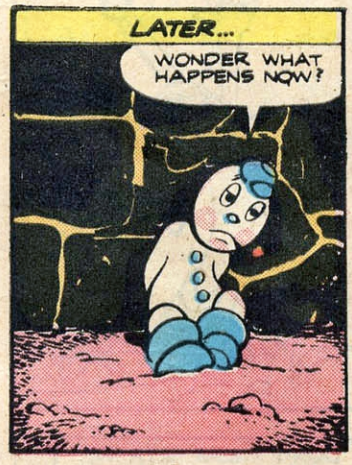

HOLD THAT POSE!!

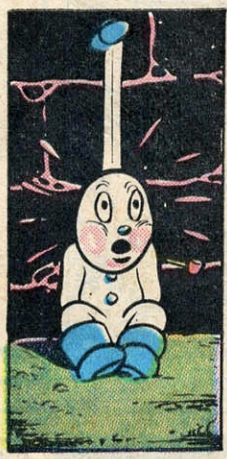

BAM!




NOW FOR THE REST OF YOU...
PLUNK!
UH!

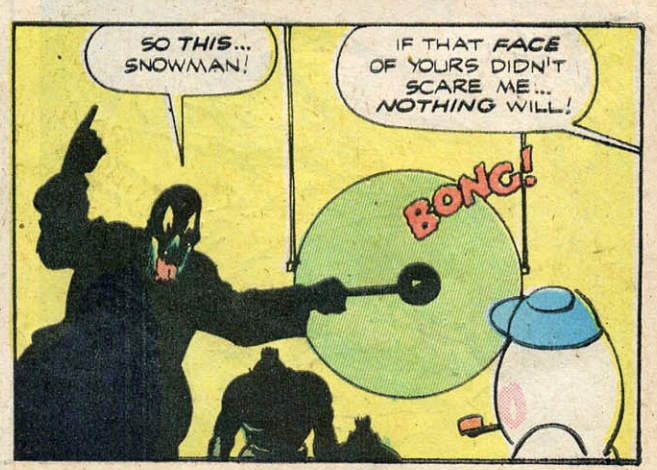



LATER...
WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

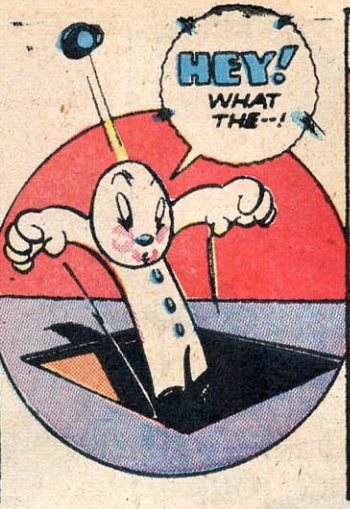


SO YOU'RE FANG!

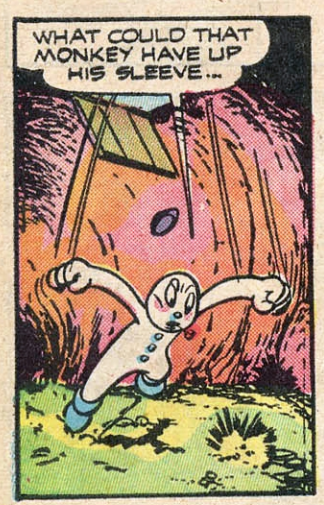
SINCE I MUST REMAIN ON THIS MISERABLE TRACT OF LAND UNTIL I PREPARE FOR MY WORLD CONQUEST... AND SINCE TWO MASTERS CANNOT RULE...
SO WHAT?

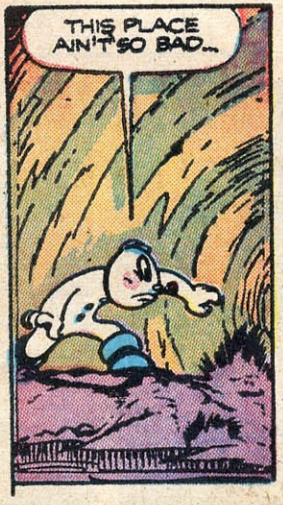

SO THIS... SNOWMAN!
IF THAT FACE OF YOURS DIDN'T SCARE ME... NOTHING WILL!
BONG!

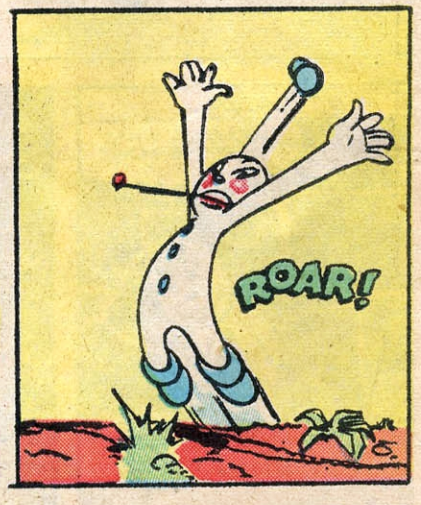
THAT WE SHALL SEE... HA! HA! HA! WE SHALL SEE! GOOD BYE, SNOWMAN!!

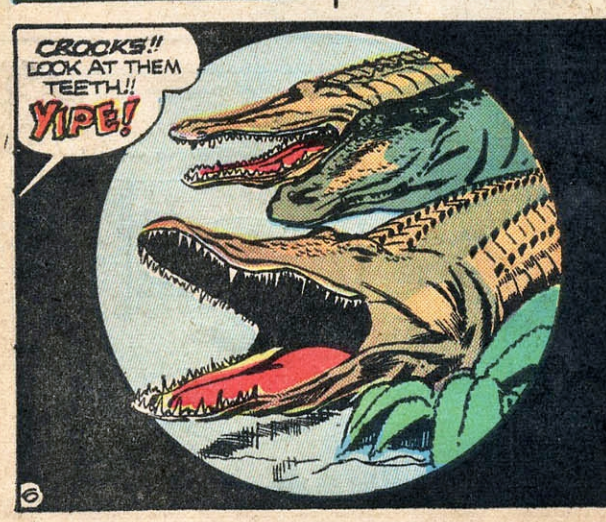

HEY! WHAT THE--!

I, AND MY MONSTERS ONLY REMAIN'--THE WORLD WILL SOON BE MINE!

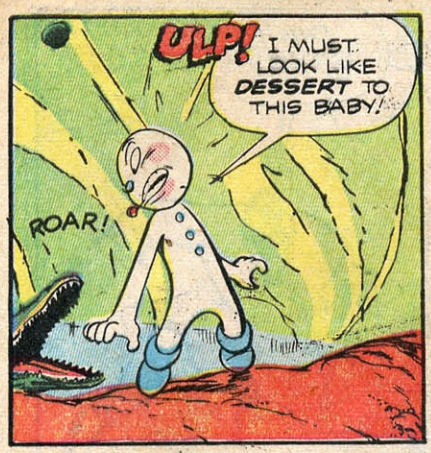

WHAT COULD THAT MONKEY HAVE UP HIS SLEEVE...

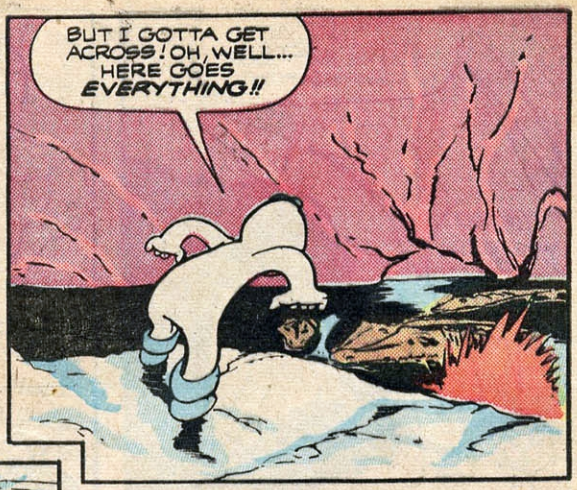

THIS PLACE AIN'T SO BAD...

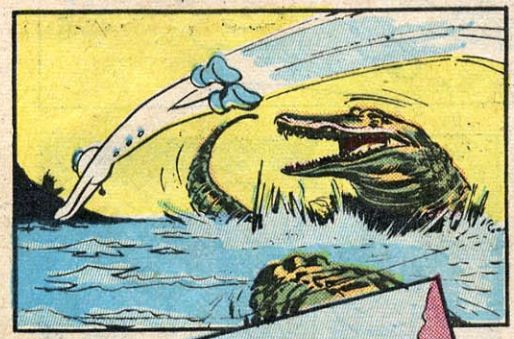

ROAR!

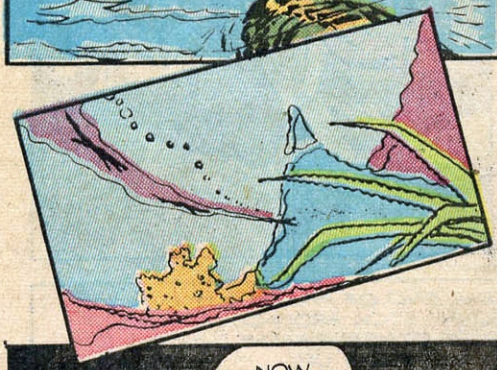

CROCKS!! LOOK AT THEM TEETH!! YIPE!

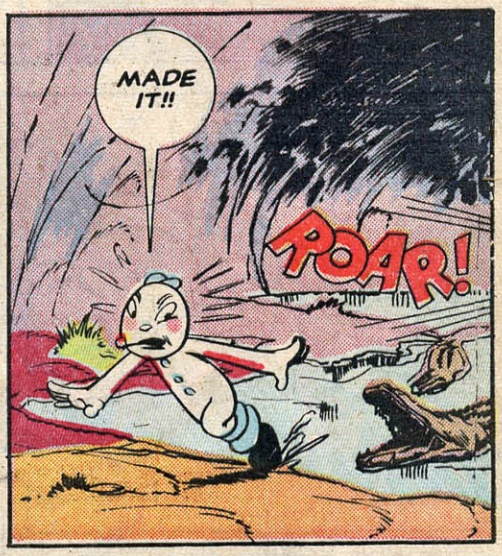
DON'T MESS WITH ME, CROCKS... I'LL MAKE LUGGAGE OUTTA YOU!

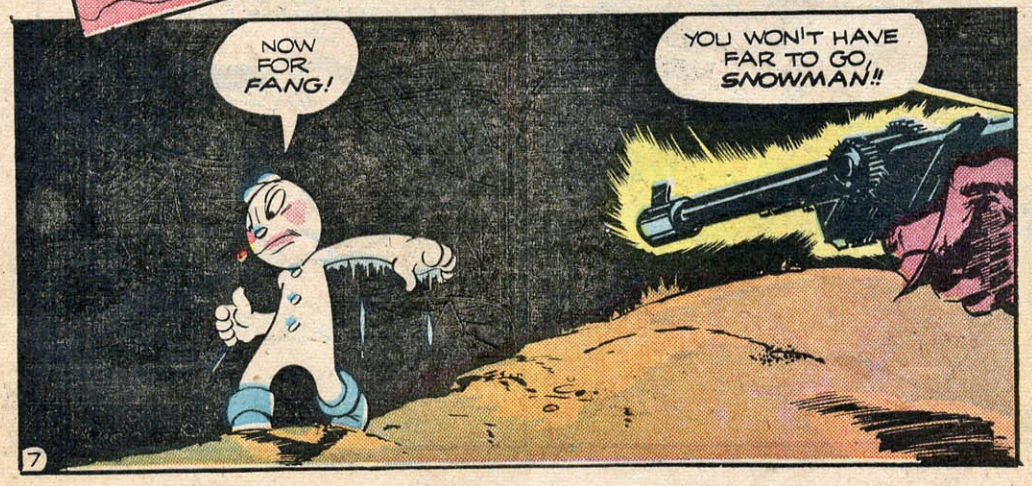

ULP!
I MUST LOOK LIKE DESSERT TO THIS BABY!
ROAR!


BUT I GOTTA GET ACROSS! OH, WELL... HERE GOES EVERYTHING!!





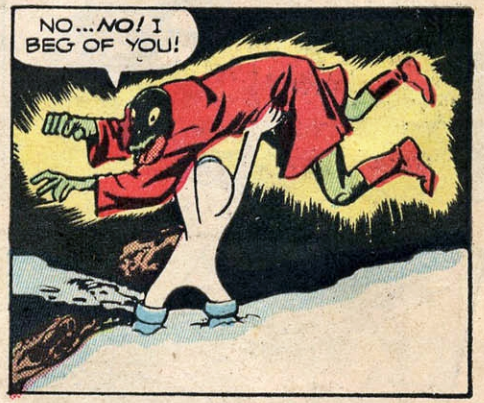

MADE IT!!
ROAR!

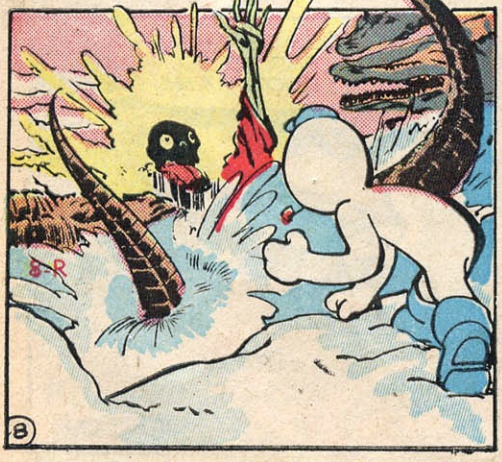

NOW FOR FANG!
YOU WON'T HAVE FAR TO GO, SNOWMAN!!

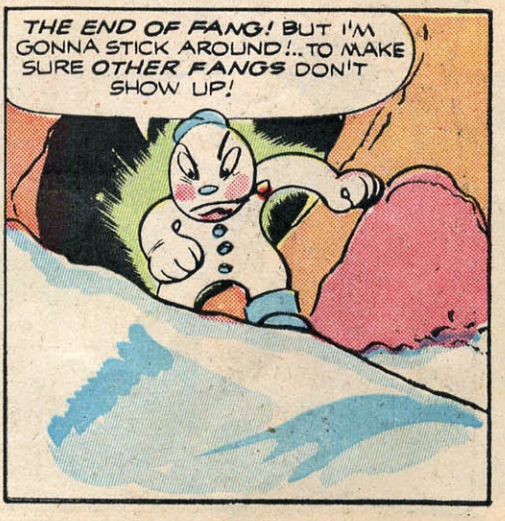
NEVER YOU MIND, MAN OF SNOW... YOU'VE MET YOUR MELTING POINT...
YIPES! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

DIE!! DIE!
BANG!

MAKE MONSTERS, WILL YOU! BREAK UP PEOPLE'S LIVES! KILL...TORTURE... DESTROY! THAT'S YOUR CODE!


NO...NO! I BEG OF YOU!




THE END OF FANG! BUT I'M GONNA STICK AROUND!..TO MAKE SURE OTHER FANGS DON'T SHOW UP!

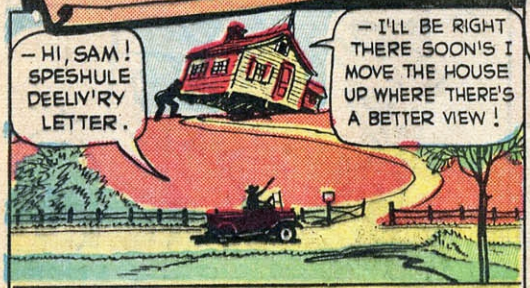
SMILEvents
AH-AH--OO--
BOO!
"HE SAYS 'NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SAY --- A---AH!"
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS 'SHARE-THE-RIDE-CLUB' IDEA?"
BZZZZZ
"OH, BOY---! --I'M BUSIER THAN A BEE!"
"YES, SIR---SARGE, I SHAVED THIS MORNING --BUT, I WASN'T STANDING CLOSE TO THE RAZOR!"

HE-MAN

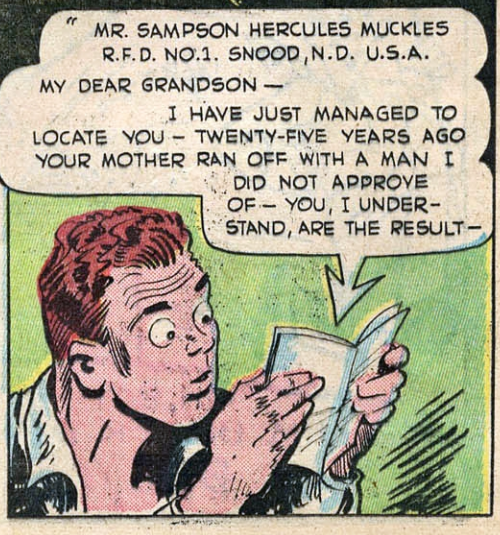
AWK!

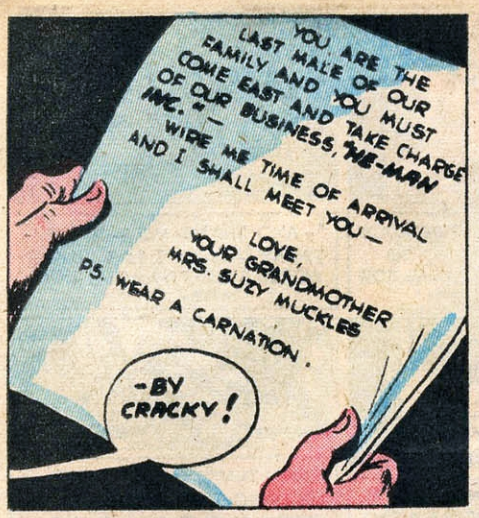
SKWEE SKWEE

MEET SAMPSON HERCULES MUCKLES, ALIAS ***HE-MAN*** — THE GUY WITH A THOUSAND MUSCLES — (ALL SHOWING!) ALL MUSCLE AND NO BONE, ***EXCEPT*** IN HIS ***HEAD*** — — HE'S ALL YOURS FOLKS, SO GIVE HIM A BIG HAND!

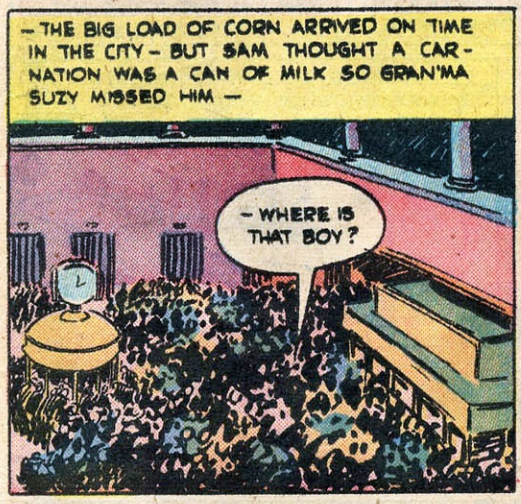


—NEAR SNOOD, N.D. LIVED A LONE SHEEP-HERDER WHO WAS THE RECIPIENT OF THE FIRST SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER IN LACKLIFE COUNTY.



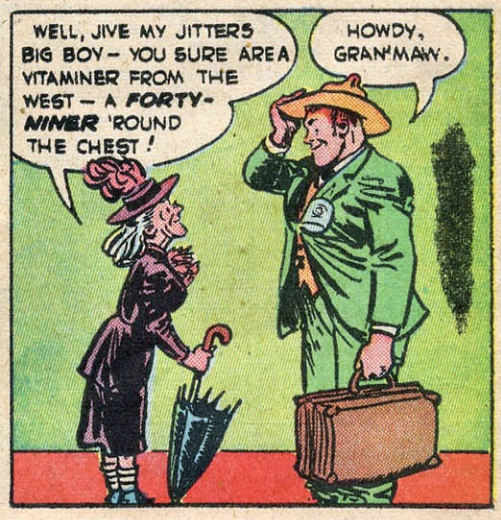

YOU ARE THE LAST MALE OF OUR FAMILY AND YOU MUST COME EAST AND TAKE CHARGE OF OUR BUSINESS, "WE-MAN INC." —
WIRE ME TIME OF ARRIVAL AND I SHALL MEET YOU —
LOVE,
YOUR GRANDMOTHER
MRS. SUZY MUCKLES
PS. WEAR A CARNATION.
-BY CRACKY!

-FELLERS I'M ORF TO THE BIG CITY- I INHERITED A INK BUSINESS OR SOMETHIN'—
DON'T TAKE NO WOODEN NICKELS, BOY.
HAW-HAW- AN' DON'T LET 'EM SELL YOU THE STATUE O' LIBERTY- HO-HO!

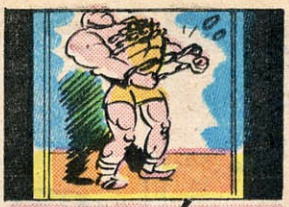

-THE BIG LOAD OF CORN ARRIVED ON TIME IN THE CITY- BUT SAM THOUGHT A CARNATION WAS A CAN OF MILK SO GRAN'MA SUZY MISSED HIM —
-WHERE IS THAT BOY?

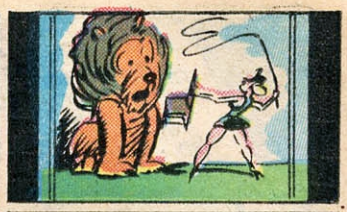
OH- GRAN'MAW- GRAN'MAW MUCKLES!
A TRAIN'S IN THE WAITING ROOM!
A HOG-CALLER!

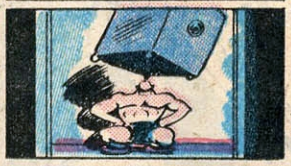
?
-SONNY, HERE I AM! GANGWAY FOLKS!
WHAT A POWERFUL LITTLE OL' LADY.

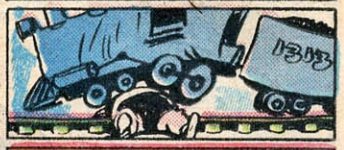

WELL, JIVE MY JITTERS BIG BOY- YOU SURE ARE A VITAMINER FROM THE WEST- A FORTY-NINER 'ROUND THE CHEST!
HOWDY, GRAN'MAW.

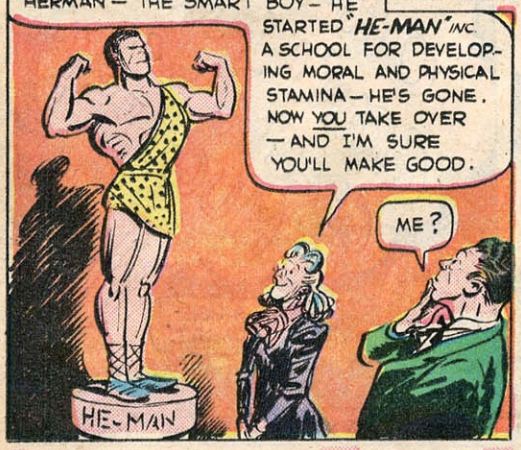
-NOW SONNY I'LL PUT YOU HEP TO THE SET-UP — YOU SEE YOU COME FROM A LONG LINE OF PROFESSIONAL STRONGMEN AND WOMEN — CIRCUS AND VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS — COME INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF 'EM.

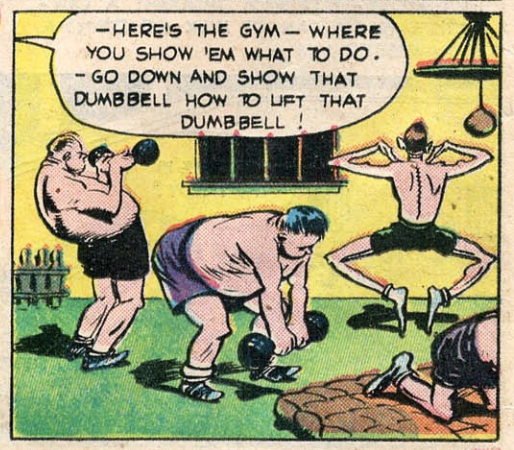

"-THAT'S YOUR GRANDADDY MUCKLES — HE USED TO WEAR ANCHOR CHAINS FOR BRACELETS"

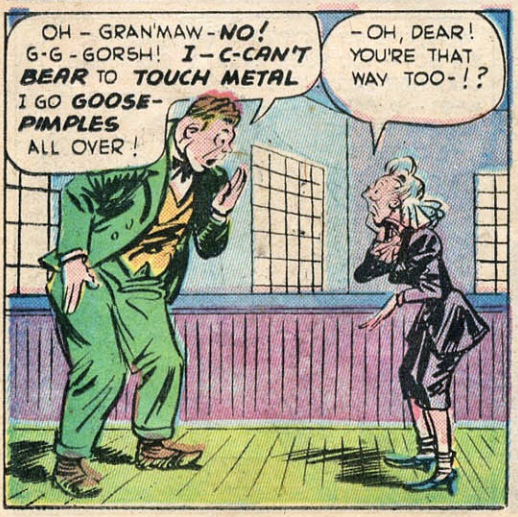

"-AND THAT'S ME — "LA SUZANNE" — WHEN I WAS THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LION-TAMER."

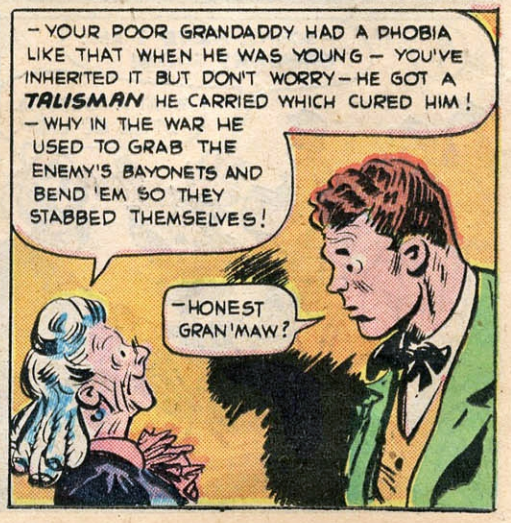

"-AND THAT'S UNCLE LOUIE HE USE TO JUGGLE A TWO TON SAFE ON HIS NOSE"


"-AND THAT'S UNCLE EDGAR — HE USED TO LET A TRAIN RUN OVER HIM FIVE TIMES A DAY — THOSE WERE THE DAYS!"


-AND THERE'S YOUR UNCLE HERMAN — THE SMART BOY — HE STARTED "HE-MAN" INC. A SCHOOL FOR DEVELOPING MORAL AND PHYSICAL STAMINA — HE'S GONE. NOW YOU TAKE OVER — AND I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE GOOD.
ME?
HE-MAN


-HERE'S THE GYM — WHERE YOU SHOW 'EM WHAT TO DO. -GO DOWN AND SHOW THAT DUMBBELL HOW TO LIFT THAT DUMBBELL!


OH - GRAN'MAW - NO! G-G-GORSH! I-C-CAN'T BEAR TO TOUCH METAL I GO GOOSE-PIMPLES ALL OVER!
-OH, DEAR! YOU'RE THAT WAY TOO-!?

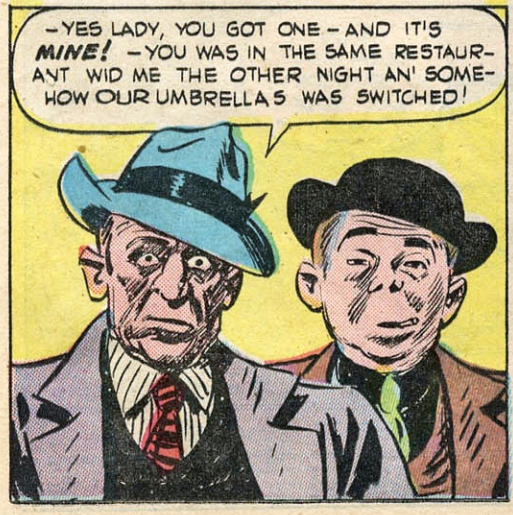

-YOUR POOR GRANDADDY HAD A PHOBIA LIKE THAT WHEN HE WAS YOUNG — YOU'VE INHERITED IT BUT DON'T WORRY — HE GOT A TALISMAN HE CARRIED WHICH CURED HIM! — WHY IN THE WAR HE USED TO GRAB THE ENEMY'S BAYONETS AND BEND 'EM SO THEY STABBED THEMSELVES!
-HONEST GRAN'MAW?

-YUP — AND I'VE KEPT IT IN THE HANDLE OF MY OLD UMBRELLA EVER SINCE — WAIT'LL I GO GET IT!
GORSH!

-HERE YOU ARE SONNY- NOW YOU TAKE THIS HANDLE WITH THE GIMMICK IN IT AND PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET -AND NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU!
-GEE - THANKS, NOW I AIN'T AFRAID O' NOTHIN'!

— GOOD! — NOW DON'T LOSE IT. AND LET'S GET TO WORK!
-O.K. KID I'LL GO DOWN TO THE OFFICE NOW AND BE NO. I HE-MAN!!

-JUST WHEN GRAN'MAW MUCKLES HAD SETTLED DOWN TO A QUIET MOMENT OF TEARING AN OLD TELEPHONE BOOK IN HALF -
-EXCUSE US LADY - BUT WE'RE HERE ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS - YOU GOT AN OLD UMBRELLA?
SUH?


-YES LADY, YOU GOT ONE - AND IT'S MINE! -YOU WAS IN THE SAME RESTAURANT WID ME THE OTHER NIGHT AN' SOMEHOW OUR UMBRELLAS WAS SWITCHED!

-LISTEN — I DON'T WANNER BE ROUGH WID NO OLD LADY, BUT GIMME DAT UMBRELLA!
-ER - OH, I HAVEN'T GOT IT! -ER - THAT IS — !

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY ROUGH, HERE IT IS!
WHERE'S DE HANDLE? -WHERE'S DE HAND-ELL ?

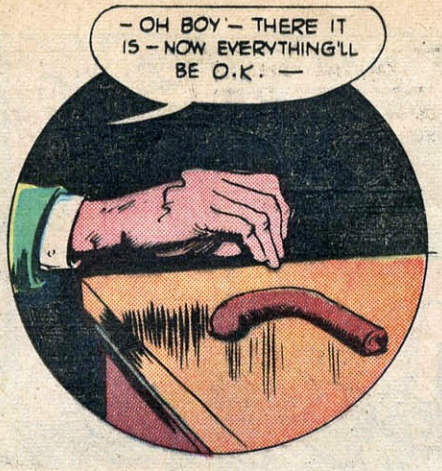
-OH, THE HANDLE? WHY I GAVE IT TO MY GRANDSON - HE - ER - COLLECTS OLD UMBRELLA HANDLES.
OH, YEAH.?? WHERE IS HE ? I'M A GRANDSON COLLECTOR!
-YEAH - WHERE IS DE KID?

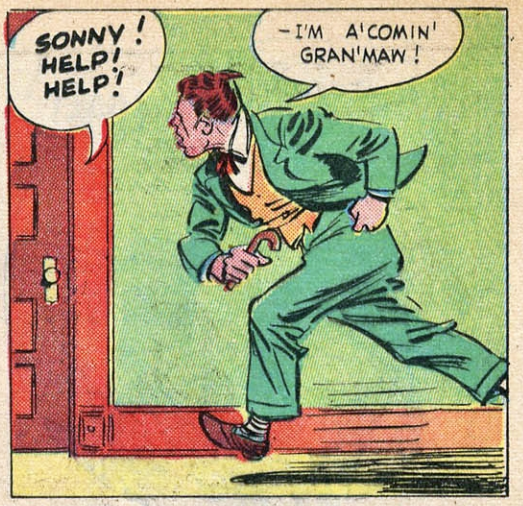
-NOW LISTEN OLD GAL - NO MORE STALLIN'! COME ACROSST OR I'LL -
OH MY! - YOU LOOK AWFUL! - IT MUST BE I NEED NEW GLASSES!

-I MUST ASK GRAN'MAW WHETHER I GOTTA WEAR JUST MY UNION-SUIT IN THE OFFICE ALL DAY!

- PUT THAT GUN AWAY MISTER OR I'LL SCREAM!
GUN?
SHADDUP! OLD LADY SHADDUP!

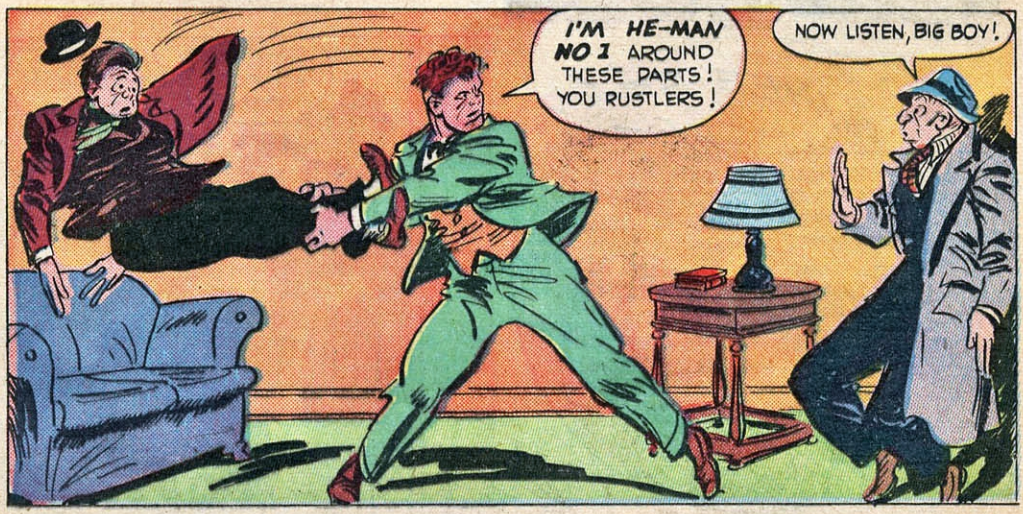
LISTEN TOUGH GUY- MY GRANDSON'LL TEAR YOU APART! -
-OH, OH! I LEFT THAT UMBRELLA HANDLE BACK ON MY DESK!


– OH BOY – THERE IT IS – NOW EVERYTHING'LL BE O.K. —


SONNY! HELP! HELP!
– I'M A'COMIN' GRAN'MAW!

– PUT THEM SHOOTIN' ARNS DOWN, YOU COYOTEES!
?

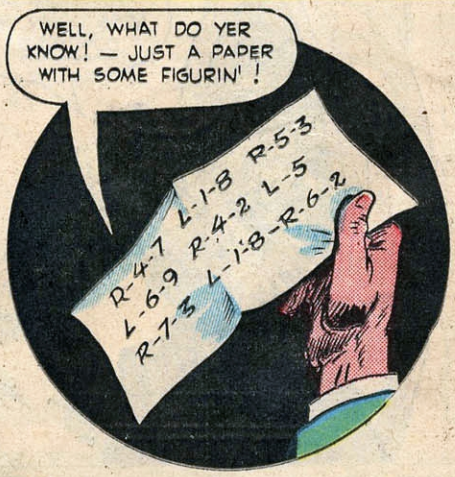
– OH MY, OH MY! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING OH – OH!


I'M HE-MAN NO 1 AROUND THESE PARTS! YOU RUSTLERS!
NOW LISTEN, BIG BOY!

-IT'S A CINCH TO CRACK A COUPLA BUM JOKES LIKE YOU GUYS!
CRACK!

GRAN'MAW, CALL THE CONSTABLE!
YES INDEED, SAMMY!

-GORSH! THIS TALISMAN OR WHATEVER, SURE IS GOOD MEDICINE — I MUST TAKE A LOOK INSIDE THIS HANDLE.


WELL, WHAT DO YER KNOW! — JUST A PAPER WITH SOME FIGURIN'!
R-5-3
L-1-8
R-4-7
L-5
L-6-9
R-4-2
R-6-2
R-7-3
L-1-8

WHEE-EE
JUST A HYSTERICAL OL' LADY SCARED OF A MOUSE, I GUESS.
NO DOUBT, SARGE -
POLICE

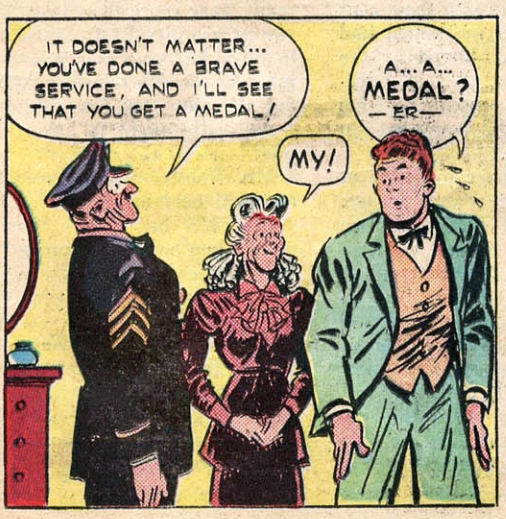
-WOW! IT'S "HOMICIDE HOMER."
AND "BAD BOY" SLUGGS! -GEE!!
GET A DERRICK AN' TAKE THIS HOUSE OFFA ME!

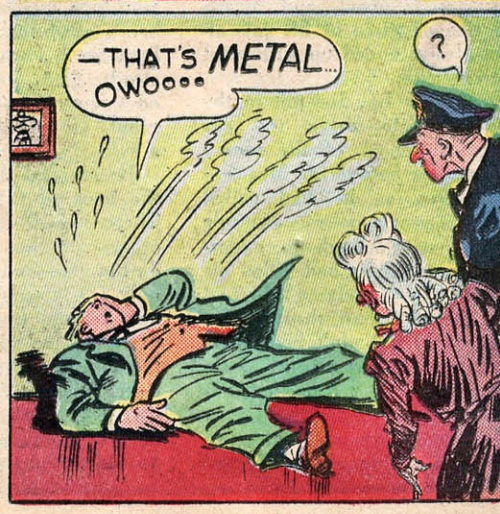
CONGRATULATIONS YOUNG MAN FOR CAPTURING TWO OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOKS IN THE COUNTRY
IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL OFFICER-

YOU SEE, I HAD THAT PIECE O' PAPER... IT'S A TALISMAN... WITH THAT I AIN'T AFRAID O' GUNS OR NUTHIN'... MY GRANDADDY CARRIED THAT... AND...
?

— WAS YOUR GRANDFATHER A CROOK? THIS IS A COMBINATION TO A SAFE IF EVER I'VE SEEN ONE!
WH-WHAT?

THAT'S RIGHT SAMMY... THAT PAPER BELONGS TO THE CROOKS... OUR UMBRELLAS GOT SWITCHED AND THEY MUST HAVE OURS SO...
?


IT DOESN'T MATTER... YOU'VE DONE A BRAVE SERVICE, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A MEDAL!
MY!
A... A... MEDAL? —ER—


—THAT'S METAL... OWOOOO
?

NO REVENGE

JOE GRANT felt a surge of almost uncontrollable hate as he stood just inside the wide open doorway of the Jefferson Garage and watched the long shiny convertible shoot past him. The dark blue car whispered to a stop, and the pudgy figure of Frank Means got out.

Fighting back his hatred, Joe wiped greasy hands on his dungarees and fixed a smile on his face as Means came toward him.

"Feed line's blocked somewheres, Joe," Means said good-naturedly. "See what ya can do about it, will ya? I'll be back probably about midnight."

"Sure thing, Mr. Means," Joe answered, with false lightness. "Have 'er fixed up okay by then."

"Good boy," Means approved. He took a wad of bills carelessly from a side pocket, peeled off a single. "Buy yourself a coke," he added, passing the bill to Joe.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Means!"

Joe watched the fleshy racketeer leave the garage. He was probably off to a night's gambling, Joe thought. At least, that was the way he spent most of his earnings, according to Joe's information. Usually there was a sucker involved, and Means and two or three of his jals almost always ended up with most of the stakes.

Biting his lip, Joe got in the convertible to drive the car toward the back of the roomy garage. His hatred for Means—or Morris, as he had called himself a year ago—was a simple matter, easy enough to understand. For Morris had killed his father, just as surely as if he had shot the old man through the heart. Only it hadn't been done in any such crude manner. Joe's father had been a respected diamond merchant, in St. Louis. There had been no reason to suspect anything about Morris' standing as a dealer in gems—his rating on the St. Louis Diamond Dealers' Exchange had been clear. Joe himself had been away from St. Louis at the time of the incident—hitch-hiking around the country, seeing America first, getting a job in one city for a couple of weeks, then moving on to some other place. Anyway, there had been a little matter of Morris getting a set of six valuable rubies on consignment, from Joe's father. Right after that there was the story of a break into Morris' shop, with the rubies and everything else of value disappearing. Then bankruptcy for Morris, folowed by an investigation, with Morris ending up in the clear.

But Joe's father had been ruined. A little later came the stroke, and the old man's death.

Well, all that had been a year ago. And now Joe had finally tracked down the man whose brazen swindle had murdered his father. For weeks he had been taking care of Morris'—or "Means'"—car, and still no idea had come to him. Oh, he knew that two murders never made anything right—that the law was ready to punish people who took matters into their own hands—but Joe's judgement had long since been blinded by the steady black hatred that burned somewhere at the back of his mind. If only he could hit on a safe idea. . . .

He stopped the convertible at the back of the roomy garage. There ahead of him were two other cars that needed working on tonight—and they covered the only two grease pits in the garage. Should he move one, and drive Means' car over one of the pits in its place? Better not—he could work under Means' car without using one of the pits. And with any luck he'd be able to locate the trouble in the feed line without much delay.

And then an idea began seeping into his mind—an idea that made his heart beat fast with excitement as he slowly turned it over. The idea—maybe. . . . .

When Means came back after midnight the feed line had been repaired.

"Well, well, Joe—you're sure the best little mechanic in all Peoria!" Means shouted with satisfaction as he drove out to go home.

At 2 a. m. the dog watch man took over, and Joe went to the diner for a bite, and then trudged along to his furnished room. But sleep wouldn't come to him. He lay in bed with a pounding heart, tossing from side to side. It looked like The Idea all right. . . .

That evening, when he went on again at the garage at 6 o'clock, he was glad to find Mr. Webster, the owner, in the little office going over some bills. There was no one else present, and Joe waited a few minutes before coming out with his Idea.

"You know, Mr. Webster," he began carelessly, "we should really have more than just those two grease pits. Last night I had to do a hurry-up job, and both pits was already taken up. Came out all right—but I was thinkin'—we really ought to have three pits!"

Mr. Webster scowled absently at a bill held in his hand.

"Huh?" he said. "Grease pit?" Then he glanced up at Joe. "Oh. Yeah. Maybe you're right, Joe. I'll see about having one put in."

"I was thinkin', Mr. Webster," Joe went on, his voice casual. "I don't get much exercise these days—just monkeyin' around cars, or sitting' in this office, listenin' to the radio."

"Huh?" Mr. Webster fingered some more of his bills. "Well, why don't you walk around some before you come to work evenings?"

Joe forced a little laugh.

"It ain't that," he said. "I mean, *real* exercise. Like using my arms. Diggin'. I could dig that pit, Mr. Webster. If it's okay with you. Then you could just have it covered with cement, along the bottom and sides, after I got it dug."

Mr. Webster finally looked up at Joe, and gave him a half-amused smile.

"You sure you feel all right, son?" he asked. "If you want to make yourself some extra work, it's sure all right with me. Just go right ahead—anytime you got nothing else to do!"

Joe began his digging about an hour later. The work went slowly at first—there was the hard cement of the floor to chop through with a mattock, and then the top dirt was packed hard. But after a while he started to make real headway.

Every time Joe heard a car getting ready to drive in he ran up to the front of the garage. He was at the front when Means drove in about 8 o' clock.

"Take it slow," Means told him genially, getting out of his car. "I'll be late tonight—got some big business on all this week. Probably won't be in till about 2 o' clock."

"Okay, Mr. Means," Joe answered politely, as the swindler walked out out and went toward the center of the town.

It was three nights later when Joe had his pit prepared. In length it was exactly the same as the two other grease pits alongside. But the floor of the pit wasn't even all the way through. For about the first six feet the pit had been dug about 2 feet deeper than the rest of its length.

The next evening Joe was almost dizzy with excitement when he showed up at the garage.

"I've got that new pit about ready," he told Mr. Webster in the little office. "You can have it covered with cement any time you want now."

"Fine," Mr. Webster said. "I'll have the contractor in here tomorrow morning."

Minutes later Mr. Webster left, and Joe was alone with his boiling excitement. What should make the scheme really workable, he thought, was the fact that Means was known to associate with shady characters. A fight over some gambling fraud would be sure to occur to the police as an explanation. If Means disappeared they'd search in that quarter for the killer. . .

Means was a little late that evening. He drove his car in, got out and stood shaking a cigarette out of a pack.

"Be late again, Joe," he said. "More heavy transactions to keep me busy tonight. Be back for the car, say, about 3."

"Sure, Mr. Means," Joe said. "I'll be off by then. Have my new pit about done by then, too."

"Pit?" Means echoed, without interest.

"Been diggin' a new grease pit back there," Joe explained. "Just somethin' to keep me kinda occupied. Wanta take a look?"

Means' fat face was dubious, but he nodded.

"It's back here."

Joe started back, with Means following. Two feet short of the new pit he stopped and pointed. And when Means stepped to the pit's edge and peered down, Joe's nervous fingers got a tighter grip on the length of lead pipe in the long thin tool pocket in the back of his dungarees. An instant later his right arm shot up like lightning, then down as the pipe crashed hard on Means' thick skull. The pudgy racketeer gave a low grunt, and tumbled face forward into the pit. Joe glanced hastily toward the front of the garage. It was clear.

Fifteen minutes later the floor of the pit was filled in an even level. Joe stamped hard on the fresh earth over Means' lifeless body. By the time he was finished the entire floor of the pit was hard packed brown dirt. There was no reason for any one to suspect that six feet of it had been dug deeper than the rest and then filled in.

Joe had another sleepless night. At 8 in the morning he was gulping coffee in the diner. He fidgeted around for two hours more, to give Mr. Webster time to get in touch with the contractor, and for the men to arrive at the garage for their work.

At ten he sauntered into the garage. Mr. Webster was just going into the little office.

"You're up early, ain't ya, son?" he asked.

"Yeah," Joe said. "Thought I'd look in an' see if they were startin' to cover over my grease pit."

Mr. Webster nodded toward the back.

"Men just beginning to work," he said. "You gonna supervise over them?" he asked with a laugh.

"Guess I might," Joe said, and walked back to where he could see three men laying out some equipment.

There were bags of dry cement, a pan for mixing it in, and a neat row of tools. Joe noticed a shovel and a mattock. Beyond these was a small pile of broken stones that puzzled Joe when he spied them.

Then with dismay he saw one of the men pick up the mattock and jump into the pit. The man walked to the other end of the pit—the end away from where Means was buried—and sank the tip of the mattock into the brown dirt.

Joe's heart pounded like a trip-hammer. Blood rushed to his head in a flood, and his stomach made him feel as if he was on a roller coaster.

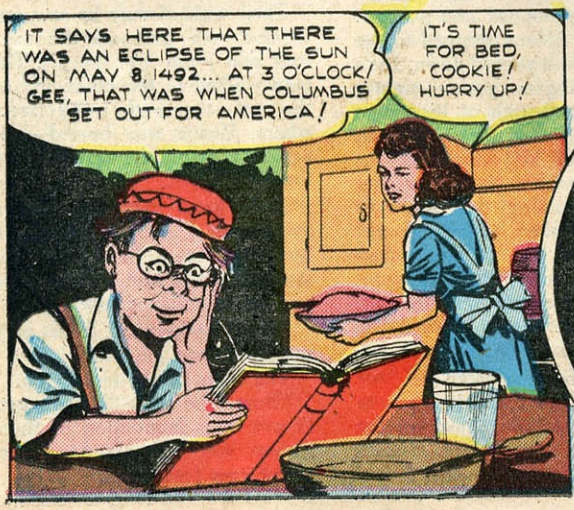
"Hey," he hollered. "That pit's dug deep enough, ain't it?"

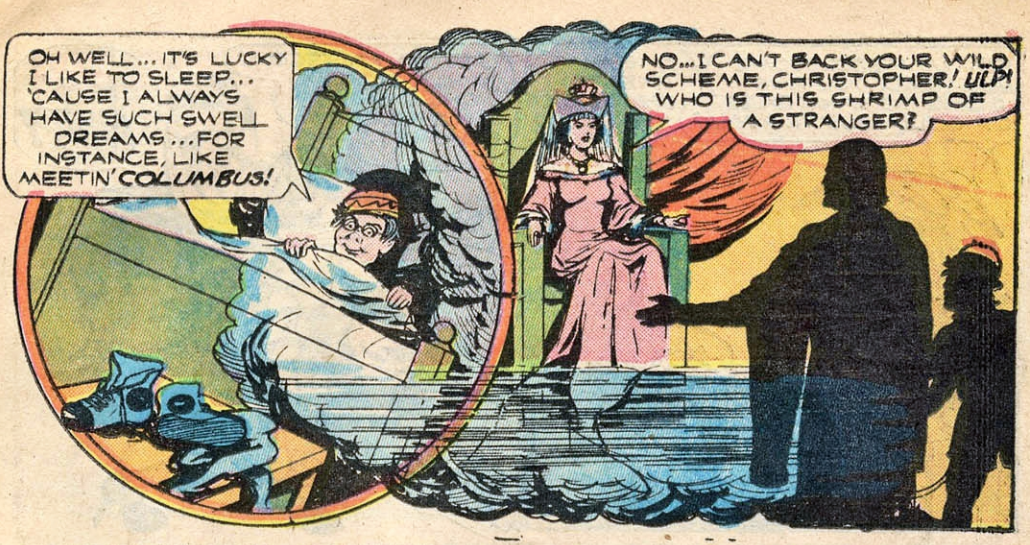
The man barely looked up.

"Sure," he said. "But we gotta put in a foundation of them stones. We gotta dig down just about two feet more."

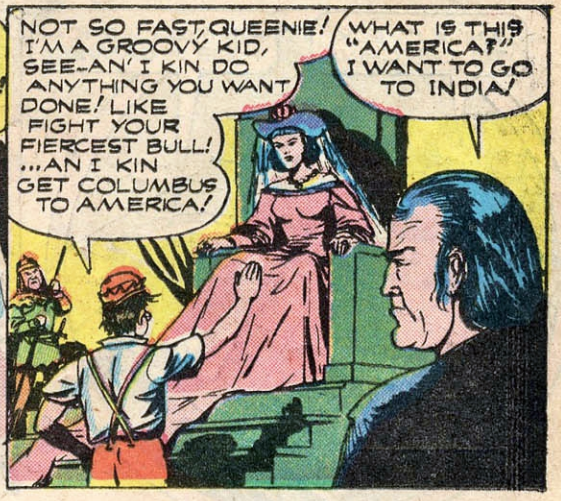
CAPTAIN COOKIE

HE'S TOUGHER THAN A CAGEFUL OF ROARING TIGERS... AND HE CAN LICK HIS WEIGHT IN WILD WOMBATS!!! IN FACT, CAPTAIN COOKIE IS SO TOUGH, HE CHEWS COBBLESTONES AND SPITS CEMENT! BESIDES THAT, HE'S SMARTER THAN EDISON AND BURBANK ROLLED INTO ONE! BELIEVE IT? SURE HE IS... WHEN HE'S ASLEEP!!!

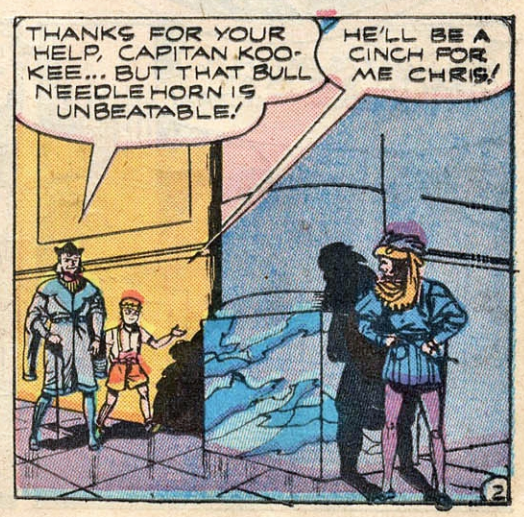



OH WELL... IT'S LUCKY I LIKE TO SLEEP... 'CAUSE I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH SWELL DREAMS... FOR INSTANCE, LIKE MEETIN' COLUMBUS!
NO... I CAN'T BACK YOUR WILD SCHEME, CHRISTOPHER! ULP! WHO IS THIS SHRIMP OF A STRANGER?

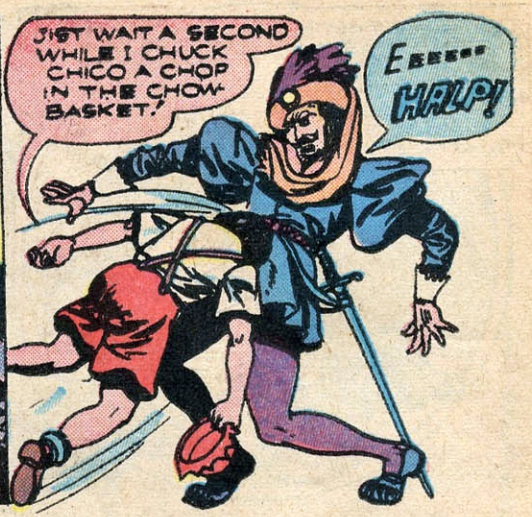
TUT TUT, QUEENIE YOU'RE TALKIN' TO CAPTAIN COOKIE! ...AND I'M HERE TO STRAIGTEN OUT ALL YOUR TROUBLES... FREE OF CHARGE!
CAPITAN KOO-KEE NEVER HEARD OF YOU! GUARDS! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!


NOT SO FAST, QUEENIE! I'M A GROOVY KID, SEE-AN' I KIN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT DONE! LIKE FIGHT YOUR FIERCEST BULL! ...AN I KIN GET COLUMBUS TO AMERICA!
WHAT IS THIS "AMERICA?" I WANT TO GO TO INDIA!

YOU'LL GO TO TO AMERICA ...AN LIKE IT!
WE SHALL SEE, CAPITAN KOO-KEE! TOMORROW YOU WILL FIGHT THE BULL NEEDLEHORN AT 2 O'CLOCK!


THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CAPITAN KOO-KEE... BUT THAT BULL NEEDLEHORN IS UNBEATABLE!
HE'LL BE A CINCH FOR ME CHRIS!

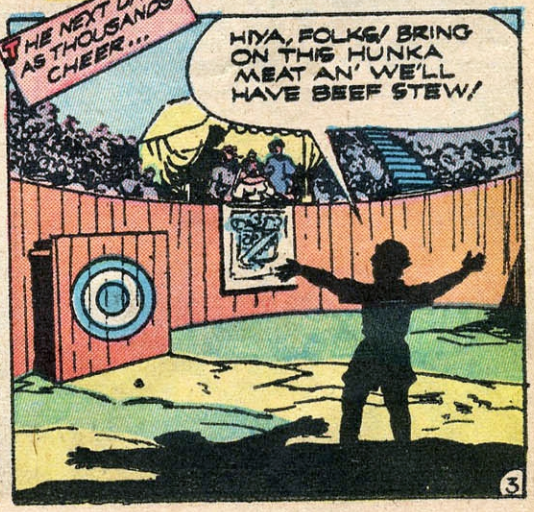
SO... MY MEDDLESOME MUSHHEAD! YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF COLUMBUS' TRIP MAN!
IT IS MY ENEMY... CHICO CHOCO THE PRIME MINISTER!

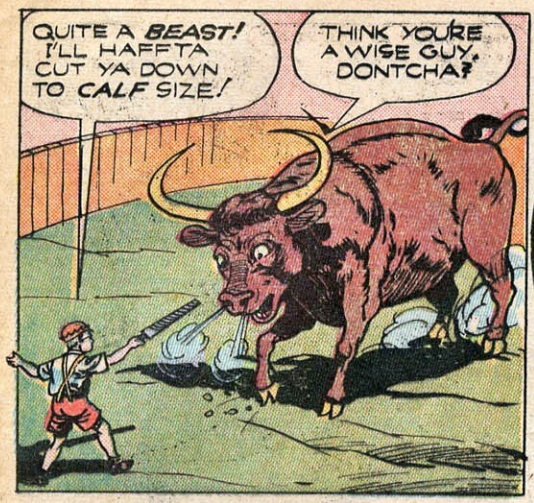

JIST WAIT A SECOND WHILE I CHUCK CHICO A CHOP IN THE CHOW-BASKET!
EEEEEE HALP!

AN' A CHECK TO THE CHIN!
HIS EXCELLENCY... HE IS IN DANGER!

THIS MAKES A GOOD WORKOUT FOR MY BASH WITH THE BULL TOMORRA!
I TAKE IT BACK KOO-KEE... YOU WILL MAKE THAT NEEDLEHORN FEEL LIKE A SAFETY PIN!

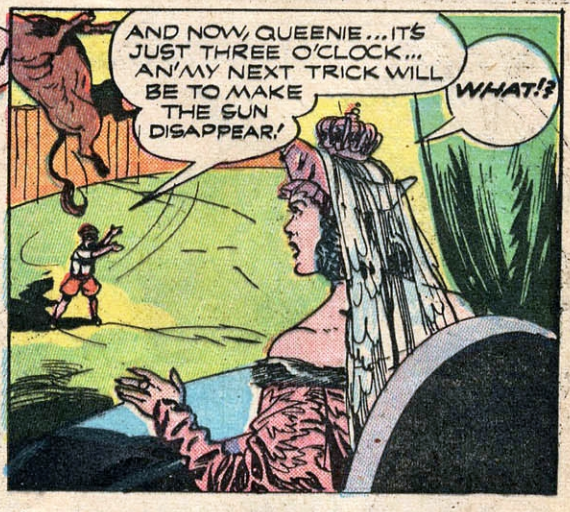
WELL OAT IS OAT, HUH, CHRIS! I'LL SEE YA AT TWO O'CLOCK TOMORRA!

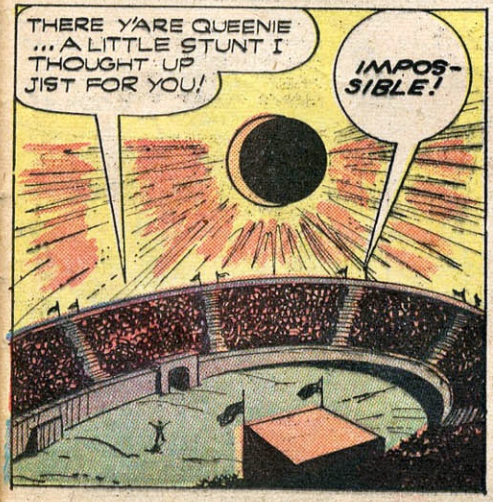

THE NEXT DAY... AS THOUSANDS CHEER...
HIYA, FOLKS! BRING ON THIS HUNKA MEAT AN' WE'LL HAVE BEEF STEW!

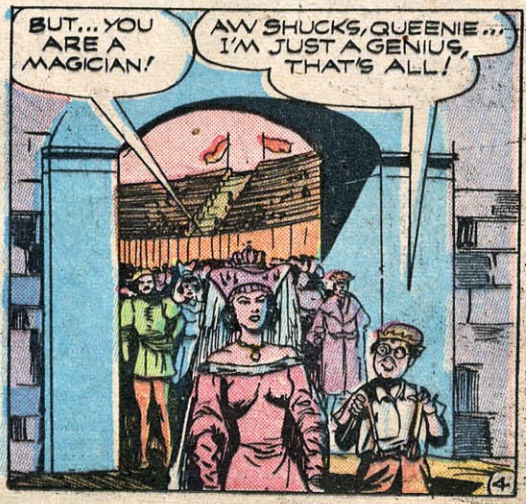

QUITE A BEAST! I'LL HAFFTA CUT YA DOWN TO CALF SIZE!
THINK YOU'RE A WISE GUY, DONTCHA?

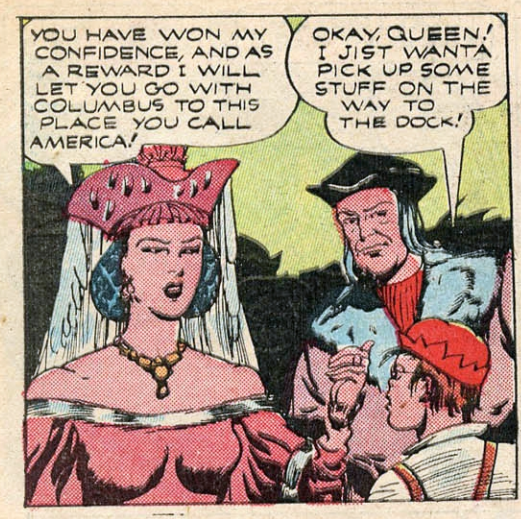
LUCKY I BROUGHT ALONG MY FILE!
DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH MY SHARP HORNS!

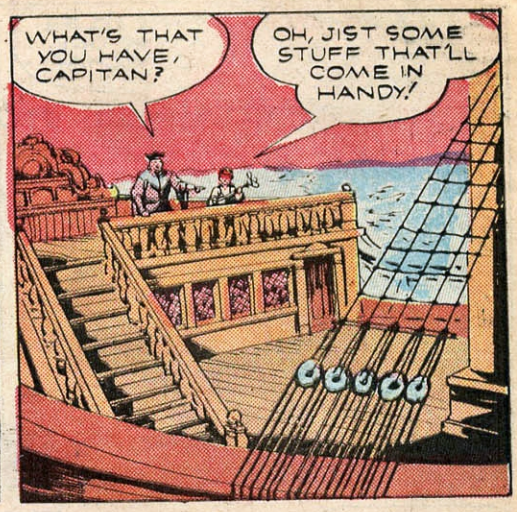
I HATE TO THROW THE BULL, FOLKS ...BUT WHAT KIN I DO?
CARRAMBA!


AND NOW, QUEENIE...IT'S JUST THREE O'CLOCK... AN' MY NEXT TRICK WILL BE TO MAKE THE SUN DISAPPEAR!
WHAT!?

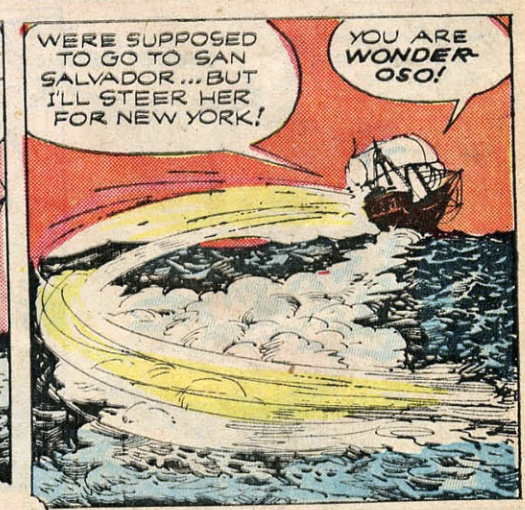

THERE Y'ARE QUEENIE ...A LITTLE STUNT I THOUGHT UP JIST FOR YOU!
IMPOS-SIBLE!


BUT... YOU ARE A MAGICIAN!
AW SHUCKS, QUEENIE... I'M JUST A GENIUS, THAT'S ALL!

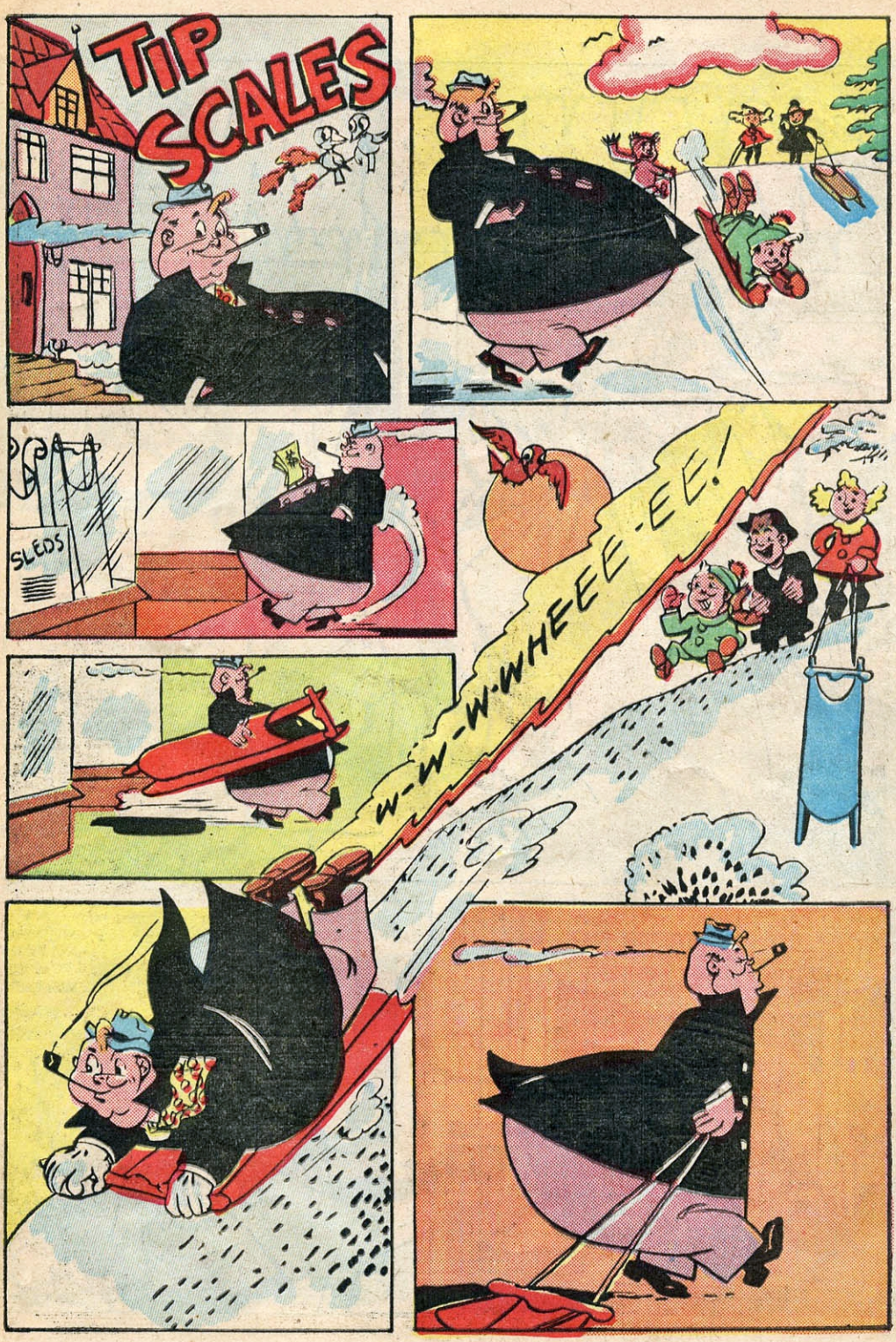

YOU HAVE WON MY CONFIDENCE, AND AS A REWARD I WILL LET YOU GO WITH COLUMBUS TO THIS PLACE YOU CALL AMERICA!
OKAY, QUEEN! I JIST WANTA PICK UP SOME STUFF ON THE WAY TO THE DOCK!


WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE, CAPITAN?
OH, JIST SOME STUFF THAT'LL COME IN HANDY!

THIS GADGET AIN'T BEEN INVENTED YET... AN OUT-BOARD MOTOR!
I AM ALL AMAZIAMENTO!


WERE SUPPOSED TO GO TO SAN SALVADOR... BUT I'LL STEER HER FOR NEW YORK!
YOU ARE WONDER-OSO!

FOR 3 DAYS THE SHIP FLIES ON-WARD... AND THEN... ON MANHATTAN ISLAND...
HEAP GREAT CAPTAIN COOKIE! WELCOME GREAT CHIEF COLUMBUS!
HEY... I'M FALLING...
I'M FALLING! WHAT'S HAP-PENED?... AW HECK... I'M BACK HOME AGAIN!
STOP THAT DANCING UP THERE COOKIE!

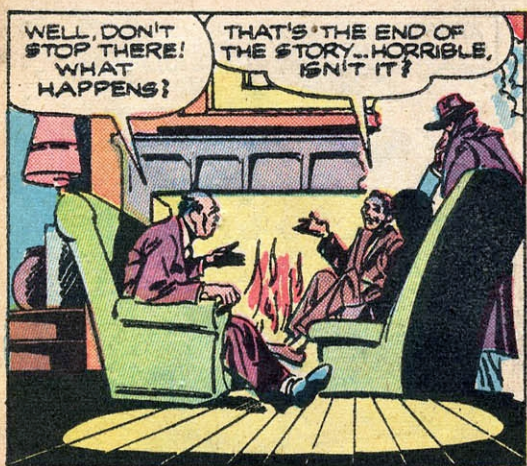

TIP SCALES
SLEDS
W-W-W-WHEEE-EE!

The MAN in BLACK

GHOST STORIES, TOLD AT NIGHT BEFORE AN OPEN FIRE, WITH THE RAIN PELTING ON THE ROOF HAVE ALWAYS APPEALED TO ALL OF US! BUT SUPPOSE ONE NIGHT YOU'RE SITTING IN ON A BULL SESSION AT THE ANTLERS CLUB...

"EVERYONE IN THE WORLD HAS DIED... ONLY ONE LONELY OLD WOMAN IS LEFT..."

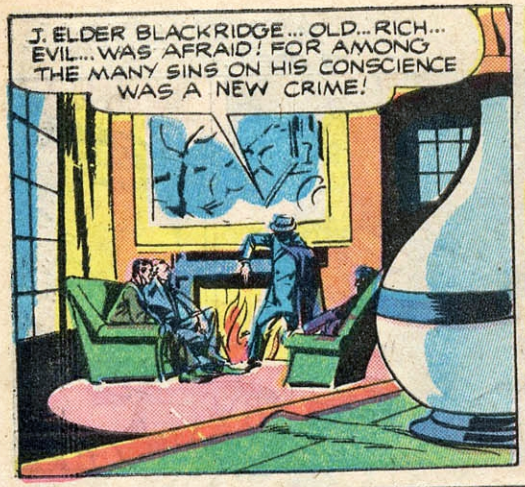
"... SUDDENLY, THE LAST HUMAN LEFT ALIVE HEARS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR... IT STARTS TO OPEN..."


WELL, DON'T STOP THERE! WHAT HAPPENS?
THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY... HORRIBLE, ISN'T IT?

JOLLY GOOD STORY! THAT'S THE ESSENCE OF TRUE HORROR... THE UNKNOWN! REMINDS ME OF A SIMILAR STORY... MAN IS ALONE IN THE HOUSE... WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE LOCKED... HE SITS DOWN...

"... PUTS A CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH AND FEELS QUITE CONTENT... SUDDENLY..."

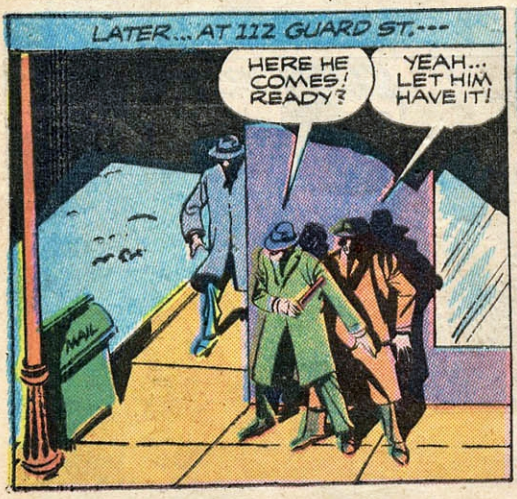
... FROM NOWHERE A LIGHT APPEARS FOR HIM TO LIGHT HIS CIGAR..."
HO! HO! YOU FIND THESE PLEASANT LITTLE FAIRY TALES FRIGHTENING? LISTEN TO THIS...

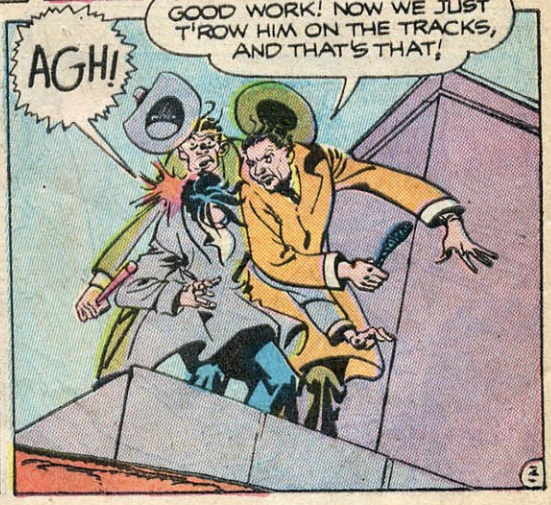

J. ELDER BLACKRIDGE... OLD... RICH... EVIL... WAS AFRAID! FOR AMONG THE MANY SINS ON HIS CONSCIENCE WAS A NEW CRIME!

LISTENING INTENTLY, THE CLUB ROOM SEEMS TO SLIP AWAY AND THEY SEE...
LISTEN, YOU TWO... I'VE PAID YOU WELL! TONIGHT YOU ARE TO REPAY ME! THERE IS A YOUNG MAN WHO WORKS IN MY OFFICE THAT HAS SEEN MY BOOKS!

YOU KNOW WHAT HE FOUND? PROOF OF OUR GUILT! HE MUST BE GOTTEN RID OF... TONIGHT... BEFORE HE GOES TO THE POLICE!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOSS! WHERE IS HE--- AT YOUR OFFICE?

IMBECILE! DO NOT KILL HIM NEAR MY OFFICE! GO TO HIS HOME... 112 GUARD STREET!
RELAX, BOSS! HE'S GONNA DIE IN A RAILROAD ACCIDENT!


LATER... AT 112 GUARD ST.---
HERE HE COMES! READY?
YEAH... LET HIM HAVE IT!
MAIL

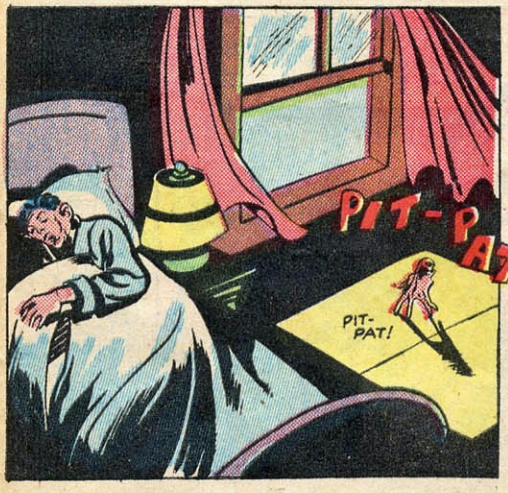

AGH!
GOOD WORK! NOW WE JUST T'ROW HIM ON THE TRACKS, AND THAT'S THAT!

THAT DOES IT! COME ON... LET'S TELL THE BOSS SO HE CAN RELAX!
WHOOOOOO!

LATER...
THANKS, BOYS! THERE'LL BE A BONUS IN THIS FOR YOU! SURE HE'S DEAD?
THE TRAIN WENT RIGHT OVER HIM!

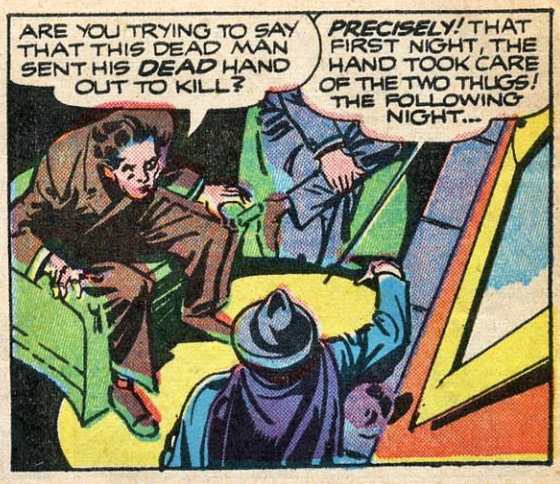
YES... THE YOUNG MAN WAS VERY DEAD! AND HIS GHOST, ANXIOUS FOR VENGEANCE, COULDN'T FIND ENOUGH OF HIS BODY TO DO ANY DAMAGE WITH...

BUT A VENGEFUL GHOST CAN DO A LOT OF HARM, IF HIS BODY IS ALL TOGETHER... BUT THIS YOUNG MAN HAD TO WORK WITH WHAT HE HAD...


PIT-PAT
PIT-PAT!

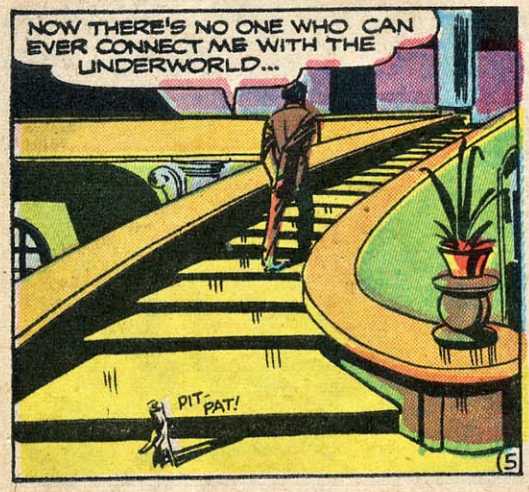
WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I THOUGHT I SAW A HAND... JUST A HAND WALKING ON ITS FINGERS TOWARD ME... HELP... IT'S REAL!!
PIT-PAT!

WAIT A MINUTE, OLD MAN! BY THE WAY... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
YOU CAN CALL ME THEAD! YOU HAD A QUESTION?

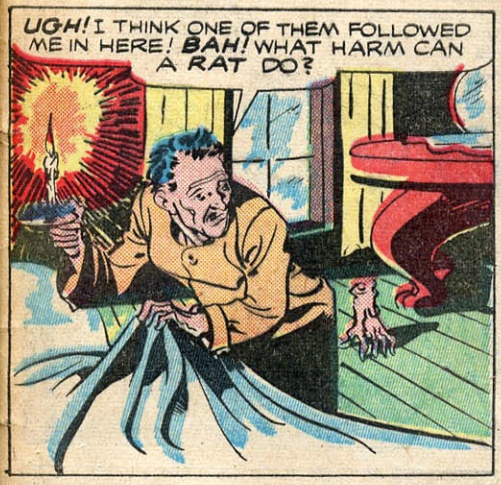

ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THAT THIS DEAD MAN SENT HIS DEAD HAND OUT TO KILL?
PRECISELY! THAT FIRST NIGHT, THE HAND TOOK CARE OF THE TWO THUGS! THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

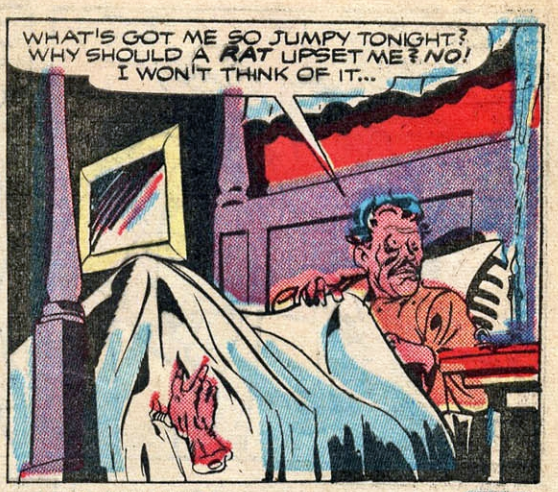
THEY'RE DEAD! STRANGLED!-- THE PAPERS SAY! HEH! HEH!! NOW THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BLACKMAIL ME!

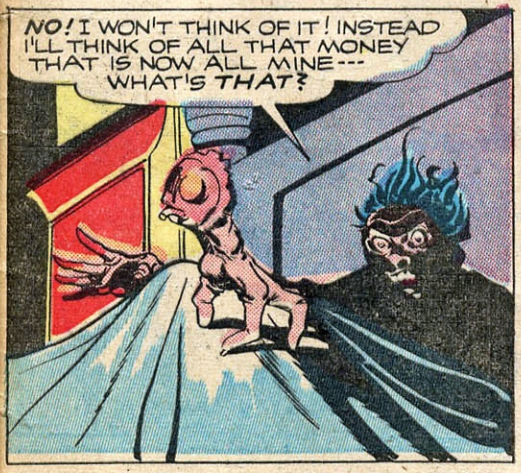
I EVEN SAVE THE BONUS I PROMISED THEM! I OUGHT TO THAT THE STRANGLER! WONDER WHO HE IS? I'D BETTER GET TO BED...


NOW THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN EVER CONNECT ME WITH THE UNDERWORLD...
PIT-PAT!
5

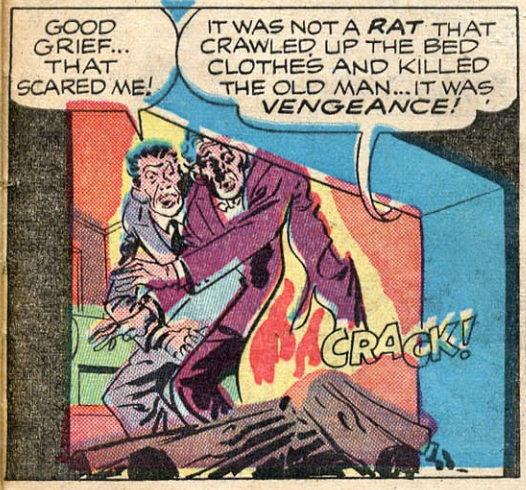
WONDER WHAT THAT PIT-PAT IS I THOUGHT I HEARD ON THE STAIRS? IT MUST BE RATS... THAT'S IT... JUST RATS!
PIT-PAT!

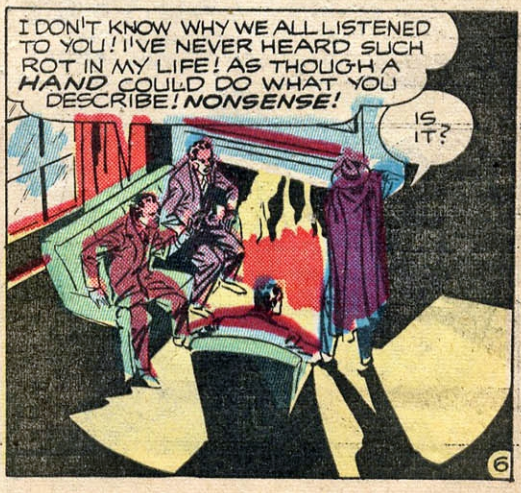

UGH! I THINK ONE OF THEM FOLLOWED ME IN HERE! BAH! WHAT HARM CAN A RAT DO?


WHAT'S GOT ME SO JUMPY TONIGHT? WHY SHOULD A RAT UPSET ME? NO! I WON'T THINK OF IT...


NO! I WON'T THINK OF IT! INSTEAD I'LL THINK OF ALL THAT MONEY THAT IS NOW ALL MINE--- WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S NOT A RAT! IT'S NOT A...HELP!! HELP!!


GOOD GRIEF... THAT SCARED ME!
IT WAS NOT A RAT THAT CRAWLED UP THE BED CLOTHES AND KILLED THE OLD MAN...IT WAS VENGEANCE!
CRACK!


I DON'T KNOW WHY WE ALL LISTENED TO YOU! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH ROT IN MY LIFE! AS THOUGH A HAND COULD DO WHAT YOU DESCRIBE! NONSENSE!
IS IT?

OF COURSE IT'S NONSENSE! THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T HAPPEN!
DON'T THEY?

YOU MUST BE INSANE! I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT IN HERE!
WOULD YOU?

EVEN IF IT DID HAPPEN, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT?--HOW WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT THE THUGS SAID AND WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID?
VERY SIMPLY! YOU SEE...

YOU SEE... IT WAS MY HAND!

BUT THAT MEANS... YOU'RE DEAD!
CORRECT! GOOD BYE...AND REMEMBER THE NEXT TIME YOU TALK OF HORROR... REMEMBER TO BEWARE OF...

...GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES ANG LONG-LEGGED THINGS THAT GO BUMP... IN THE NIGHT!!

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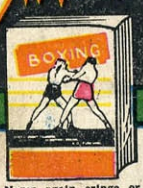

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